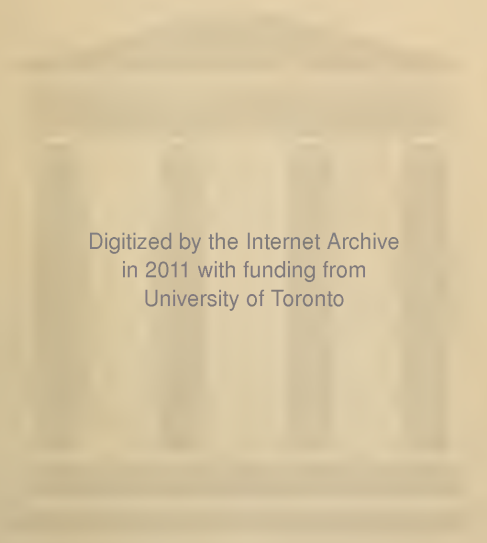


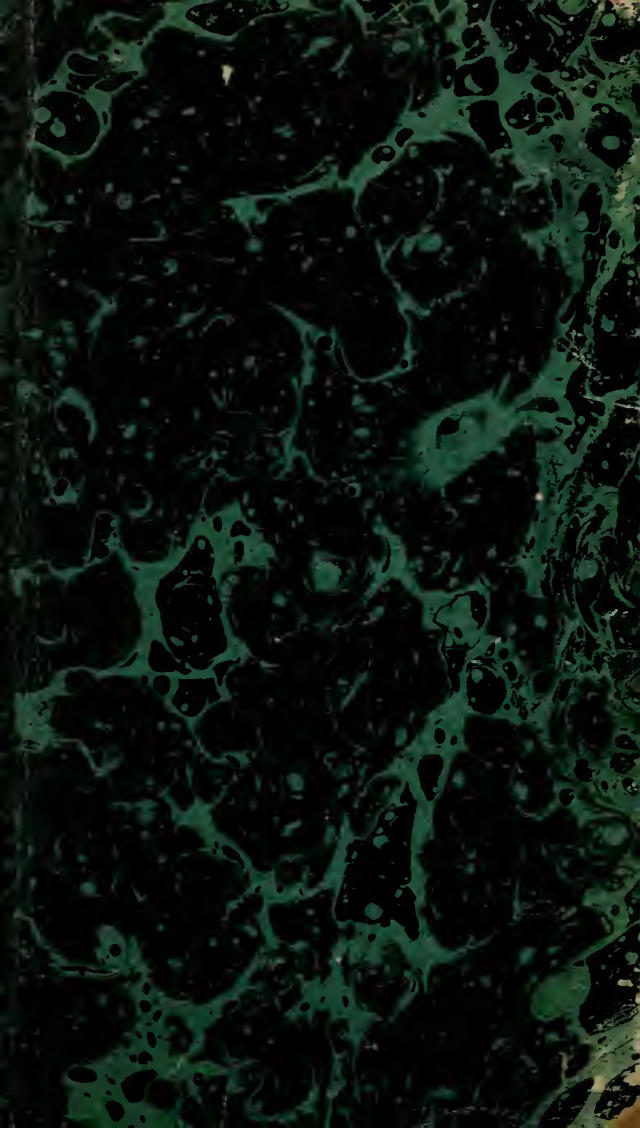
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BICKLEIGH VALE,

viii

WITH OTHER

POEMS.

—
BY NATHANIEL HOWARD.

1804
—
1831

OTIA VITÆ

SOLAMUR CANTU.

Stat.

1st Part

York:

Printed by T. Wilson and E. Spence, High-Ousegate,
For MURRAY, 2, Fleet-Street; HARDING 36, St. James's
Street; and LONGMAN & Co. Paternoster-Row,
London; and for WILSON & SPENCE, York.

1804.

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CONTENTS.

	Page
Bickleigh Vale, in Devon	1
On a Friend's Retreat	41
To Want	47
The Rural Evening	52
A Mother to her Natural Son	57
To a Red-Breast	61
A Mother to her dead Infant	64
To the Echo of a Grotto	67
To a Swallow	70
To Meditation	72
The Tempest, from Metastasio	77
To a Cricket	85
Ad Spem	89
In Adventum Veris	92
Ad Salutem	93
From l'Abate Carlo Severoli Faentino	96
From Zappi	100
From Garcilaso de la Vega	104
To Horror	110
Inscription for Okelamington Castle	115
Inscription for Lidford Bridge	117
Notes, &c.	121

Bickleigh Vale is distant from Plymouth about seven miles. It is truly romantic, enclosed by mountains; and the river Plym flows through it, in a very picturesque manner.

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BICKLEIGH VALE.

..... Qua latus ingens

Dant scopuli, et multâ littus se valle receptat.

Persii Sat. VI. ver. 7.

Argument.

The Poem describes a walk to the Vale. Approach of Morning, ver. 1. Address to the Sun, v. 10. A susceptible mind receives a true delight from the beauties of Nature, v. 28. Advice to those particularly attached to a town-life, v. 65. A woodland picture, v. 98. Mid-day, v. 150. Insects in sunshine all employed, thence reflections on man, v. 174. A summer-shower, v. 191. Happiness more apparent among cottagers; thence reflections on the effect of luxury in large towns, v. 240. A cottage family, v. 271. Rural garden, v. 280. Approach to moor-scenery, v. 317. Edmund and Eliza, a tale, v. 355. Bickleigh-Church, v. 395. View of the Vale, &c. v. 408. Concluding with an Address to Evening.

BICKLEIGH VALE.

NIGHT's universal gloom retires. The Morn
Solemn and still, and faintly glimmering, dawns.
Behold ! what orient blushes tinge the mist
That bluely floating, hovers round the hills :
What tints of tender lustre streak the air, 5
And tip the dusky groves, and onward steal,
Till opening all, the dewy landscape, smiles !

Now, vigorous on his flaming road, upsprings
 The joyous Sun, enkindling all the sky.
 Welcome, exhaustless world of genial light ! 10
 Refulgent source of life ! that pour'st alike
 Thy blazing bounty o'er the desert waste,
 O'er pregnant earth, and ocean's boundless realms.
 Emblem majestic of thy MAKER's power,
 And matchless goodness? Who with equal hand 15
 Sheds general kindness o'er the peopled globe.

What rich profusion of enlivening hues
 Pervades the woodlands ! vernal incense breathes
 From dew-fed gardens, and irriguous vales.
 What rapture tunes the wildly warbling shades ! 20
 What kindred transport rushes on the heart

That beats in unison with Nature's joy !

Winds whisper thro' the glades, and gently kiss

The bosom of yon dimly gleaming lake.

The herds low, various ; whilst the rural sounds 25

Of busy labour animate the scene :

Lo ! Beauty, Love, and Harmony, awake !

But chiefly him, what genuine raptures fire,

Who dwells with fondness on fair Nature's charms !

Who, lost to world-engagements, and the cares ; 30

The tacit discords*, and the toils of life ;

With freedom roves, exploring new delights

Each rising day, and drinks the mountain-gales

Embalm'd in all the freshness of the morn.

* *Discordiæ tacitæ*, et quæ intelligerentur potiùs quam viderentur. Hist. Augus. p. 170.

Each breezy gust low-rustling thro' the copse, 35
 Each rustic murmur of the pebbly brook
 Clear-trickling thro' dank herbage, soothes his mind.
 The life-reviving day-beams as they spread,
 Or stream irradiance thro' refracting clouds,
 Can light a cheerful sunshine in his breast : 40
 Alike in depths of shade, or flowery wilds,
 He feels the full divinity of Heaven.
 What time, the pensive twilight sails around,
 And warns the pilgrim wandering thro' the dusk ;
 He homeward turns to dear, domestic peace, 45
 Where pleasures chaste, and fond affections live :
 Where wakeful Fancy to his mental view
 Unfolds the rich variety of scenes
 Combin'd, and colour'd from his various walk ;
 Presents fair landscapes, fruitage ting'd with gold, 50

Or, spreads a paradise of florid sweets
 Luxuriant ; azure hills, or purple vales ;
 Or, all the pleasing horrors, all the dread
 Of deafening cat'racts, and untrodden wastes,
 Or sunless caves, or thought-inspiring groves : 55
 And, ever thus, the wizard Fancy works.
 But, not to all, so innocently fair,
 Unveils her store of visionary joys.
 She leads the lover, wan with restless fears,
 And tender languishment, and fondest hope, 60
 To graves, lone ruins, and forsaken glooms :
 She smites th' ambitious soul with dangerous bliss,
 And swells the trumpet's clangour, wildly shouts ;—
 Then, whirls her subject-wretch to blood and death.

Ye, who amid the smoky breath of towns 65
 Immur'd, and pining, load your languid lungs
 With foul, putrescent vapour; who, reclin'd
 In indolence, relax your toneless nerves,
 And nurse the latent seeds of slow disease;
 Arise, and seek this open, sunny plain: 70
 Here climb, where brisk the mighty torrent bursts
 In ceaseless motion, sprinkling coolness round:
 Or, while the early fragrance rises full
 From breathing herbs, and flowers, and widely strays
 Th' enlivening soul of oxygen abroad, 75
 Among the devious lowlands, grateful change,
 Mix with the swains, and join the rural toil.
 Ye feeling friends, who watch the cheerless couch
 Of sickness pale, O lead with lenient hand,
 Lead the wan victim to the green resorts 80

Of health ; conduct him to the vital breeze
 Blown by the morn : and let his tottering feet
 Imprint the verdurous pasture. Soon his cheeks
 Will gently catch a renovating glow ;
 New, lambent lustres tremble in his eyes, 85
 And fresh, returning vigour swell his heart :
 Warm transport seize his wasted frame, and pay
 The parents' cares, the nameless, tender fears,
 The day's long gloom, and watchful night's fatigue.

We tread the heathy plain ; now under shades 90
 High-arching, wind : whilst all the feathery race
 Pour warbling forth their gratulations loud ;
 Fir'd with the impulse of all-powerful love.
 Swift from his grass-built nest, to greet the light,

Upsoars the lark, the minstrel of the morn. 95

And, full of wild, ecstatic music, skies,

Woods, vales, and shadowy mountain-glens, resound.

Gay spreads the prospect. From the stream-fed banks
Loose floats the willow-foliage; alders bend
Their leafy locks, and pliant poplars wave. 100

From the brown steep, the graceful ash o'erhangs

In quivering, light luxuriance. Wide the lime

A massy shade expands. With silvery trunks

Thin airy birch, and swelling maples, rise.

Coy aspens shiver all their twinkling leaves 105

To every frolic wind. Fantastic oaks

Immense, their knotty boughs entwisting, throw

Solidity of deep, incumbent gloom.

Below ! what sunny interchange of fields,
 Of furzy slopes, and moss-clad smoking cots, 110
 Where plain *Content* with rustic *Quiet* dwells !
 There basking lies a summer-valley, fresh
 With vivid verdure, fed by spouting rills.
 There, thro' the shelving banks, the brawling brook
 Incessant foams ; or with laborious lapse 115
 Smooth wears the pebbles, or with brighter tints
 The fretted fragments stains : thence, calm it purls
 Soft-tinkling, till it forms a liquid plain
 Capacious, on whose broad, and glassy breast,
 Sleep cool *Serenity*, and limpid *Peace*. 120

The scene half-shadow'd, half-illumin'd, spreads ;
 Fair Beauty colours with her glowing hand

The woods and distant hills, that change their shapes
 As smile new tints, or vagrant mists involve.

She tempers into smooth ethereal calm, 125

The azure-stretching ocean, faintly seen.

Still prodigal of charms, she fondly flings

Deep in th' embosom'd vale her mingled hues

Rich, and exuberant ; while the lucid clouds

In floating negligence adorn the sky, 130

And soften, warm, and harmonize the whole.

Here, Painters, throw your radiant beauties forth ;

Blend your clear, pearly tints, and melting lines

Concordant ; bid your magic canvas beam

With life, and richly glowing hues : ye try 135

In vain, to rival nature ; vainly catch

The morn's chaste lustre, or the glorious burst
 Of evening splendour o'er the kindling scene.
 E'en raptur'd Fancy fails with all her powers
 Of ardent language, and conceptions strong. 140

Far to the genial west, what mountains rise
 Romantic, rang'd above th' horizon's verge !
 Mark, how th' attracted vapours shroud their heads,
 And cool their sultry sides with thousand streams
 Of ever-pregnant moisture, flowing down, 145
 Till deep below, the fruitful valleys float
 With lavish Vegetation's cheerful green :
 Fed with reflected sunshine, and secur'd
 From all the rigour of the surly winds.

Now high, the Sun ascending, scatters wide 150
 His mid-day radiance on the dazzling ground

Direct. With golden light the meadows glow.
 Above, beneath, what fluttering life, what joy
 Now fills created space ! The fertile earth
 With insect-myrriads teems. The mossy chinks 155
 Of jutting rocks hold numbers. Numbers swarm
 The grass-green streamlets quicken'd by the rays.
 The foliage-wavings of the woods, conceal
 Their little tenants. Nestling in the buds
 Of roses, some taste nectar'd nurture. Some 160
 Unseen, unknown in blushing fruit, reside.
 Thus live, and labour, and like mortals die.
 Mark the dread spider, as he slyly hangs
 His filmy web, and traitorous, lurks within ;
 There watches with grim patience, till the fly 165
 Who, self-enchanting with his sultry hum,
 Alights ; and tries the fairy texture, swings

And flutters on, till tangled more and more,

He feels the snare ; while fastening on his back

His foe voracious, banquets on his blood. 170

The ant strays diligent. The writhing worm,

That creeps along the ground, lives not in vain,

And e'en the grasshopper, that idly chirps.

Then, why should Man, majestic o'er the world,

Remain inert, and useless? He, design'd 175

To practise virtue, and with reason, rule ?

Why sink unnerv'd upon the lap of Sloth

Inglorious, languid, slumbering on to death ?

Kind POVERTY, altho' thy chilling frown

Check the fine glow of genius, numb the soul ; 180

Yet LANGOUR startles at thy threatening voice,

And stern NECESSITY attends thy steps.

Thy arm rough strenuous LABOUR nerves for toil :

By thee, the palace tow'rs ; the firm machine
 In vast, mechanic grandeur, works. By thee, 185
 Hewn from the quarry's adamantine loins
 The figur'd marble breathes, and golden ore
 Burnish'd, and bright, flames on the dazzled eye ;
 Attractive gold ! both universal bane,
 And source of temperate happiness below. 190

Mild from yon broken pomp of clouds, the show'r,
 The gentle show'r, with warmth prolific, falls ;
 Now, on the grove's thick umbrage, patters soft ;
 Now pours refreshment o'er the furrow'd glebe.
 Alarm'd, the timorous insect tribes reseek 195
 Their tiny shelters ; from the dripping air
 In wildest fright, the fluttering birds withdraw ;

Save the loud black-bird piping in his bower.

See, crowding close the piteous, woolly breed

With panting perturbation, mutely gaze : 200

Whilst gladly round the sturdy farmer eyes

The falling bounty of benignant Heaven.

The duck, oft-dipping in the bubbling pool,

Throws o'er her freckled back, the trickling stream,

Shiv'ring her plumes with garrulous joy. 'Tis past :

The softer sky resumes its fleecy clouds 206

Border'd with florid light ; and high the lark

Amid the thinly scattering drops ascends,

And blithly sings. The eager cattle crop

The sweeter herb ; the suushine doubly glows. 210

Beneath the bloomy rainbow gleam the hills,

The azure pine-groves, and the misty lawns ;

Till lovelier colours dress the cherish'd scene.

Now hatch'd to life, about their parent-streams,
 The dragon-insects* float on glittering wings, 215
 In iris-tints all-varied, and all-gay,
 And chase, in wanton sport, their little loves.
 Around the primros'd bank, alike in hue,
 The idly-busy butterfly disports.
 High up the brook, the grouping heifers plunge, 220
 Bending with lengthen'd necks, and nostrils broad
 To skim the tempting surface ; whilst above
 A clustering flight, the stranger-bees descend,
 Swarming some clefted rock, or hollow'd tree ;
 Or, haply sent by Providence, alight 225
 Beneath some lonely widow's thatch, and work
 Their dulcet nurture for her sole support.

* *Libellula tribe.*

As loitering thus, the flowery wilds among,

Among the thousand beauties of the spring

Confus'd, and lost ; again the luscious gales, 230

The luscious gales of Eden breathe around,

Pregnant with life and joy. This rapid rill,

Wild-flashing o'er the foamy pebbles, charms

The listening ear. The minstrels of the woods,

That ever chide ungrateful silence, pour 235

Their sweet, persuasive melodies at large.

Here God's own voice the solemn grove inspires ;

Here blameless pleasures lift the kindling heart

With grateful ecstacy to bounteous Heaven !

Here, unmolested by the taunts of Pride, 240

Happy, tho' humble in sequester'd shades,

Secure the cotters live, remote from towns
 That breathe pale exhalations and disease ;
 Where thousands shriek with pangs of conscious guilt ;
 Where thousands droop consumptive to the tomb ; 245
 Where many a fond, distracted mother feels,
 As bending o'er the glimmering hearth she weeps,
 The keen, severest torture, closely prest
 By starving babes, that ask their bread in vain ;
 Where thousands fall, by Luxury seduc'd. 250
 But ye, whom Fortune lifts above the sphere
 Of rustic wretchedness and coarse desires,
 Beware of blandishments, of lawless joys,
 Of loves, of boasted friendships, all beware,
 That scarce endure a transient summer's day. 255
 Go, search the shameless records of mankind,
 The page of blood, and scenes of splendid vice

'Mid crowding feasts, where erst distraction roar'd
 O'er maddening wine, and death; thus timely learn
 How Lux'ry sinks the human soul divine! 260
 She sapp'd the strength of once imperial ROME;
 She ruin'd PERSIA, realm of blazing wealth,
 Where polish'd arts, and high, heroic worth
 Once dignified the state, and flourish'd fair
 With blooming honours, and with full-blown fame.

Close by that fountain's deep, collected flood
 A smooth blue sheet, diffusive to the brim,
 Just dimpled where an headlong streamlet drips,
 The straw-roof'd cottage smokes; where cordial love,
 Domestic temperance, and domestic peace 270
 Shed all their blessings on the parent-pair,

Blest with their growing sons of clear-bloom'd health ;
 To useful labour train'd, to tend the plough,
 Sow the rich, reddening glebe ; to join the group
 Heart-happy, clamorous in the harvest fields; 275
 With blithe alacrity to climb the trees,
 And dash the apple-burden from the boughs
 Sun-mellow'd, showering on the orchard-ground ;
 And stream the cider for the coming year.

Within the sun-bright garden, fruits and herbs, 280
 Of potent virtues, thrive. Sweet airs pervade
 Its cultur'd borders. Spicy odours waft
 Perpetual health ; and thro' the senses breathe
 Ambrosial freshness. Lily-bosom'd Spring
 Pours florid graces on the faithful earth. 285

The hardy cowslip smiles ; the crocus glows,
 And catches mimic radiance from the sun.
 Fresh polyanthus, freak'd in brilliant hues,
 And violets flourish. Clustering woodbines deck
 The myrtle bow'r, where soon the rose will drink 290
 Transparence from the smoothly sliding stream.
 Murmurs the bee-hive near the breathing thyme,
 With all its insect people at their work
 Delicious, bent ; with liquid honey fast
 The swarming nation fill the waxen cells. 295
 Here, should the snail their golden dome ascend,
 Poor, hapless wretch ! no more shall he return,
 Enjoy no more the tender calm of eve,
 Or balmy show'rs with mingling sunshine warm'd ;
 But, tortur'd by the stings of numerous foes, 300
 Shall feel the agonizing wounds of death.

Here, gay and dauntless, struts the flamy cock,
 Or briskly crowing, wakes the echoing Morn.
 His startling clarion thro' the village sounds,
 Calling rough Labour's train to various toil. 305
 Here oft he takes his fond, protective stand;
 Whilst o'er her eggs, the hen unwearied sits,
 Or turns, arranges, gives them genial warmth.
 Lo! irritable, ruffling all her plumes
 Disturb'd, as in a fluttering fever, forth 310
 She leaves awhile her task, and hurrying, pecks
 The scanty grains Frugality bestows.
 Bold, and defensive, back again she flies
 Impatient, and in passive silence, spreads
 Wide o'er her spacious nest her brooding wings; 315
 And, rul'd by instinct, waits the callow birth.

The pastoral face of Nature varies. Moors
 Immensely swelling, stretch around ; distinct
 With gradual colours, from the barren brown
 To hazy blue, soft-mingling with the sky. 320
 There, warm reflected lustre streams profuse,
 When Evening shoots aslant her radiant beams,
 And from the heath, light billowy vapours dance.
 The sheep partake the wildness of the scene,
 Shagg'd like the hardy breed, that browsing, hang 325
 On SNOWDON's heights, or CADER-IDRIS, bleak
 With ever-blustering gales ; away they burst
 Alarm'd at every stranger's echoing tread.

Now, on the eager sight, the summits rise
 Hill above hill : aloft in rolling clouds 330

Aspires yon rustic church, romantic SHAUGH ;
 Whilst in the middle distance, BICKLEIGH towers.
 Now, flush'd with fervour thro' green devious lanes
 We wind ; whence briskly leaps from rock to rock
 Some gurgling streamlet ; or foam-flashing, spouts
 Athwart the path-way. What delicious zest 336
 Enrapt's our bosoms as we bound along !

Thrice happy they, who shun the faithless form
 Of fleeting Pleasure, bred in busy life ;
 And court the fairer beauties of the fields, 340
 Health, Exercise, and heart-dilating Mirth.
 These, taste the purity of sylvan peace ;
 These, value the plain comforts they enjoy.
 While some, enamour'd of th' ungrateful world,

Find bliss in riot ; some on sofas sleep 345

Thro' sluggard-life, in ignorance and ease.

Others, condemn'd to labour's toiling hive,

Incessant drudge, nor touch the honied store

Themselves have made. While some, impair'd by vice,

Are drifted on the shallows of distress ; 350

Or, plung'd within the ocean of debauch.

Then, happy they, whom Competence secures

From mix'd society ; the checquer'd source

Of sorrow and delight ; if Taste inspire,

And Contemplation form for rural joys. 355

Within that simple mansion's roof, retir'd,

ELIZA dwells. No soft caress of babes,

And now, no tender relative she owns :

Lost to the world, and only known to Heaven.

Scarce five connubial months had roll'd away 360

In mutual fondness and meridian bliss,

When tidings of his mother's sudden death

Smote EDMUND's startled ear. Grief-struck, he fled

'Thro' woods, o'er bleak and lengthening heaths, and
reach'd

The house of woe. There, o'er the lifeless form 365

Wept pious tenderness ; thence saw her borne,

Slow, to the dreary silence of the grave.

Some painful days elaps'd ere EDMUND left

The mournful scene : then, every duty paid,

Rose with the morn to seek his distant home. 370

But ah ! ELIZA felt unwonted fears

Rush on her heart, suggesting dreadful harm,

As onward fast the gathering storms approach,

And solemn-sounding night. Her only care
Was absent far, but purpos'd then return. 375

Alas! he never more return'd! Nor more
In converse sweet she shar'd the social hour :
Hapless ELIZA! Pale, she trembling shrunk,
Perplex'd, affrighted at the savage winds!

Meantime the faint, disaster'd husband stray'd 380
The victim of the tempest. Loudly roar'd
The giant oaks, their boughs rude-crashing, drove
Before the demon-whirlwind; scattering flew
Profuse, the shatter'd foliage of the ash;
The universal forest groan'd. The ground 385
Lay strew'd with branchy ruin. Thro' the gloom
His breathless courser falter'd; the dank turf

Shook faithless to his hoof. A torrent-stream,
 Swell'd by the flooding rains, across his way
 Roll'd ; in the depth he plung'd, and down, alas ! 390
 He sunk ;—and left a weeping widow thrown
 Distress'd, unfriended on the world's wide range !

Hence, BICKLEIGH lifts its lichen-gilded tower ;
 The fretted cross, where kneeling saints ador'd,
 Fronts the dim dome. Along the shadowy aisles, 395
 With startling steps, we walk ; and calmly read
 The rustic records on the mouldering walls.
 But who can mark without the sacred tear,
 Where rests the pious priest, cut off from life, 399
 From youth's full lustre snatch'd ; to whose high worth
 The swains have rear'd the sculptur'd stone ? Too brief

He liv'd with man, and dealt persuasive truths
 From lips of hallow'd fire. We trace with awe
 The last retreat of mortals : Friendship here,
 Departed Virtue, Science, mingling lie. 405
 Dark-mantling nettles, and the night shades, knit
 The baneful verdure o'er their grassy tombs.

Hence, let us climb where HAM's soft greensward
 breathes

Wild thymy fragrance ; let the roving eye
 Shoot from dun granite rocks, to cultur'd slopes ; 410
 To emerald vales, to black-descending woods,
 To crowding fields, to brown broad moors, to streams
 Bright-bursting headlong from the dusky cliffs !
 Whilst opening on the skies, the mighty roar
 Of rough cascades deafens the listening ear, 415
 And swells the grandeur of the rugged scene !

Immensely rising from the cataract-foam
 How frowns yon craggy mass*! where shrieking birds
 Plant their bleak aeries in its shrubby clefts;
 High sails the hawk, and harsh the heron screams. 420
 Below, among the rustling sedge conceal'd,
 The venomous viper breeds: in thicket-haunts
 The quick-ey'd martin on the feathery game,
 With fierce destruction, leaps. With ravenous rage
 The otter banquets on the silvery fry. 425
 Here, dark the cavern'd badger skulks from day.
 Here, stung with famine from his lurking shades,
 Nightly the fox o'erlooks the nodding crags,
 While dread and devastation mark his course.

Here, countless, spring the gay botanic tribes, 430
 And draw pure nurture from the various soil,

* Dewerstone.



W. H. W. del.

More fragrant as the arid turf prevails.

Broad waves the feathery fern : while lichens spread

Incrusting all the rocks with nameless hues.

From every cliff the moss profusely droops, 435

Or, lowly creeping, clothes the fractur'd ground.

In wild luxuriance stately fox-gloves rise.

The glossy arum folds its ample leaf,

Cradling its scarlet fruit, till autumn flings

His brilliant colours on the woodlands deep 440

The floating crimson, and the shadowy brown.

The wild-rose, blushing coyly, hangs its wreaths ;

And rustic honey-suckle clasps the copse

With nectar'd blossoms full. *Stellaria* bright

Its starry lustre sheds : in azure hue 445

The gay veronica unveils its charms ;

And odorous harebell blows. The orchis paints

The streamy dales, and mildly grateful springs
 The heath-flow'r'd fragrance of th' untrodden banks;
 Where bees abroad on light and vagrant wing, 450
 Collect their luscious sweets from bloom to bloom.

Yet here, amid this deep, sequester'd vale,
 E'en here, th' unhallow'd force of civil war
 Has rag'd, encrimson'd o'er the shuddering woods
 With human blood. Away, thou hideous fiend, 455
 Who dart'st on all thy pestilential fires,
 Nor spar'st the peasant in his harmless fields!
 What! shall all Nature in her green retreats,
 Feèl thy harsh pow'r? Alas, these lonesome scenes
 Still bear memorial of thy ruffian sway! 460
 Here from these shades, illustrious SLANNING rose

With all the hero in his mighty breast ;
 Fierce fell his sword, and like the lightning's flame,
 Strew'd devastation far as SEVERN's shore ;
 Where death arrested his victorious course. 465

And hence the CAD, o'er rocks white-flashing, roars
 To meet the lucid PLYM : now softly flow
 The mingled streams, now fret and boil, and brawl
 Thro' arching bridges, moss'd by hoary time,
 Or, hung with clustering verdure, thro' rich meads,
 Till flowing on thro' SALTRAM's towery groves,
 It pours its tribute to the restless sea.

Beneath these wreathing roots, and stones entwin'd
 With ivy-network, lurks the sinuous eel ;
 Nor ventures forth till darkly brooding night 475

And silence reign. Sly from his shaggy haunt,
 And, dubious first, he cautiously proceeds :
 Then, coward-like, where nought of danger threatens,
 He bolder cuts the blackening stream, and oft
 His native bed forsakes, and, o'er the meads 480
 Strays darkling ; searchful of his insect-prey.

Fain would the muse relate the various fry
 That tenant all these floods : the sportive trout,
 The salmon swarming from the ocean-depth
 To drop their spawn : or those that idling, love 485
 The sullen sluggard-tide, and slimy rush ;
 Or those in swifter waves, of radiant hues
 Bedropp'd with gold : but endless were my task.

When wrapt in tempest, thro' the howling air,
 Fierce Winter grimly flings his wildest blast ; 490
 Then lead me, HORROR, to these cliffs sublime
 While solid darkness settles round, to hear
 The battling winds among the crush of rocks,
 The thunder's giant voice, the cataract vast
 Catching the lurid lightning's sudden blaze ! 495
 In some black-gaping cavern let me shroud,
 And give the awful hour to solemn thought ;
 Secure, whilst all the raging torrent-rains
 Rush ponderous down the mountain's murky sides,
 And all the clamorous wild-birds aid the storm ! 500

Beneath yon precipice of pendent woods
 Beware that ebon-colour'd depth ; there smiles

Deceitful Stillness on its watery breast :

And there, young Rashness trusts the tempting calm ;

There victims oft, as village-legends tell, 505

Have plung'd to endless darkness. Now, nor gales,

Nor fish, light-leaping, crisp the placid flood.

Thro' glory-streaming clouds, the sun's broad orb

Descends: the gilded vapours wave along

The verdant vallies, where bright rivulets wind 510

Delicious is the sweetness of the air :

The softening distance melts to fluid gold ;

While to the east, soft ruddy hues recede

Slow-fading to a colder, leaden dye.

Meek EVENING hail ! as o'er the purpling moors 515

The rustic curfew tolls ; and simplest sounds

Of bleating ewes, and lowing heifers, swell.

Delightful EVENING hail! Thou nurse of thought

And holy peace. Oft, lonely, let me stray

Along the groves, along the rosy vales, 520

While dewy coolness rises from the shades,

And freshening fragrance wantons all-profuse,

Till o'er the hills, the pensive twilight fades.

ON

A FRIEND'S RETREAT.



Solo decir sabrè, que aunque rodea
 En qualquier condicion á los mortales
 Tropel de ciertos, ó aparentes males,
 Muchos de ellos ignora, ó los olvida
 El que amar sabe la campestre vida.

Dr. Francisco Agustin de Cienfuegos.

ON

A FRIEND'S RETREAT.

Vita rustica sine dubitatione proxima et quasi consanguinea
sapientiæ est. *Columel. l. 1.*

WHERE rural beauties tranquilize the breast
 You dwell, my Friend, in classic leisure blest.
 You shun the sphere, where vanities entice,
 Where syren-pleasures lure to loathsome vice :
 Where, curst with wealth, some squander life away, 5
 Or cherish guilt, or innocence betray.

Some taint the fair simplicity of youth,
 And poison confidence and candid truth

Here Attic ease, and warm, poetic joy
 By turns relax the mind, by turns, employ. 10
 Here varied charms each lovely spot endears,
 The shade composes, and the sunshine cheers:
 While, from your shadowy shrub-wood, grayly seen
 Gleams a broad lake, and slopes a pasture green :
 Behind, romantic mountains catch the eye, 15
 And roughly break the bluely-liquid sky.
 Brown moors outstretch ; the cottag'd glen retires ;
 And high the sacred tow'r to Heav'n aspires.

Now genial Spring reanimates the ground,
 And softly show'rs her clustering blossoms round : 20

Fond Hope anticipates the harvest-vale,
 And Beauty's self unbosoms to the gale.
 New life, new raptures wake in every grove,
 All Nature echoes to the voice of Love !
 The nascent verdure floats before the breeze, 25
 Climbs the rude cliffs, and clothes the rustling trees.
 In rainbow-hues, your rustic garden glows ;
 Here, rear'd by Taste, the primrose humbly blows :
 Or, fondly mantling o'er the fountain's side,
 Sips, unperceiv'd, the Naiad's limpid tide. 30
 Fresh tulips swell in florid colours bright,
 And roses, ripening, drink the blush of light.
 Here pleasures reign, as prodigal of flowers,
 Profusion laughs amid her thousand bowers.

For peace, VESPASIAN lov'd a simple seat ; 35
 Meek ZENOPHON ador'd his still retreat.
 Fam'd SCIPIO from the blaze of glory fled,
 And calmly died within a Sabine shed.
 From human toil retir'd, Sr. BRUNO trac'd
 Creation's God amid the mountain waste. 40

Soon as the morn relieves the solemn night,
 And paints the kindling fields with ruddy light ;
 You start from slumber, hail the orient ray,
 And profitably regulate the day.
 Repeat, with silent joy, the rural toil, 45
 To deck the rock, or fertilize the soil :
 Clip the green copse ; festoon the floating shade ;
 Or lead the rippling lymph to meet the glade.

Or, hence with rapture-smitten breast, you rove
 Thro' many a wood-fring'd vale, and pathless grove :
 With skilful eyes each mystic plant inspect ; 51
 And beauteous Nature's subtlest forms dissect.
 Thus, wisely learn from insect, tree or flower,
 The wond'rous plan of God's creative power.

To you kind Heaven a source of transport spares,
 A willing exile from obtrusive cares.
 From classic landscapes here, you fondly trace
 A CLAUDE's mild chastity, and temper'd grace.
 From ROSA's dread, romantic scenes, admire
 The savage wildness, and impassion'd fire. 60
 Here Alps on Alps, immeasurably rise,
 The world, the world is open to your eyes !

Here HOMER lives, triumphant o'er the tomb,
 The boast of Greece, the reverence of Rome.
 Here MILTON spreads his bright, celestial page, 65
 In all the learn'd solemnity of age.
 Here SHAKSPEARE'S Muse, whom ruthless time obeys,
 His world of intellectual wealth displays.

With lingering steps, I leave your arching glades,
 Your leisure-seats, and picturesque cascades, 70
 The various view, the health-inspiring breeze,
 This kind retreat of blest, poetic Ease :
 Where Worth, where grateful Science learns to die,
 And Faith, enraptur'd, sees a better sky.

T O W A N T.

Πολλοὶ μὲν γὰρ τῶν ἀνθρώπων ὄντες πλετῦσι πονηροὶ,
 Ἄδίκως αὐτὰ ξυλλεξάμενοι. Πολλοὶ δ' ὄντες πάνυ χρηστοί,
 Πράττεισι κακῶς, καὶ ΠΕΙΝΩΣΙΝ, μετὰ ΣΟΥ τε τὰ πλεῖστα
 σύνεισιν. ARIST. PLUT.

STERN scourge of Lux'ry, and imperious Pride,

Child of Intemperance blasting human bliss !

How chills the vigorous mind

By thy fell pow'r controll'd !

Thee, writhing pain, thee, wasting sickness wait,

Thee, all the agonizing train of death ;—

Thrown on thy freezing bed

Thou feel'st keen-biting gales :

Loud ruffian tempests shake thy tottering shed

Whilst thou, unshelter'd in the savage night,

Reprov'st the tardy hours

That linger thro' the gloom.

Yet not the dewy Day-light soothes thy soul,

Nor Eve, who draws her weeping shadows round,

Nor sweet, indulgent Spring,

With all her fragrant store ;

Her whispering airs, and scenes of vernal joy,

Her sunny vale, green hill, and babbling brook.

Thee, nor brown Summer woos,

Fond stripling of desire,

Who, breathless, pants across the sultry wilds,

Or, seeks the crystal depth, or rustling shade,

Where, thro' his glowing sense

A cool refreshment breathes.

Unblest by thee, dejected Autumn dies ;

When fading Nature warns us of decay,

And, leafless forests howl,

Hoarse winds, and storms pursue

The boisterous track of Winter ! Driving hail

From dun bleak skies, quick-pattering on the cliffs

Descends ; while hamlets groan

Beneath collected snows.

'Then, torrents wild, with deafening clamours, roar,

And fearful nights succeed tempestuous days,

And Fancy blacker paints

Thy frantic, dark despair.

By thee deprest, poor unprotected Worth

Shrinks into blind obscurity's damp cell ;

There, lingering, and forgot,

He meets a silent grave.

Deprest by thee, how groans the shipwreck'd wretch,

Cast on loose-hanging, frightful rocks, forlorn,

While round him dreadful breaks

The foamy billow's rage !

Ah ! grim-brow'd tyrant, mitigate thy wrath,
Forbear to blast me with thy withering gaze ;
With deadly-pressing hand
Forbear to chill my heart !

THE
RURAL EVENING.

Et jam summa procul villarum culmina fumant,
Majoresque cadunt altis de montibus umbræ.

Virgil, Ecl. i.

Lo ! the Sun enshrin'd in light,
Sinking from his heav'nly height
Gilds the various clouds that fly
Slowly, thro' the blushing sky :
Tinges herds, and homeward swains,
Wood-side cots, and hills, and plains.

Whom shall Indolence withhold
 From wild heaths, or cat'racts bold?
 From yon grove, or verdurous steep
 Whence hoarse checquer'd riv'lets sweep?
 Where the insects, idly gay,
 Sport, like youth, their lives away.
 Where the thrush of speckled breast,
 Sings his callow brood to rest:
 While the herds, that nearer lie,
 Mutely mark the bounteous sky.

Now aslant the Sun's broad rays
 Dim the plough-boy's careless gaze:
 Wide the glowing prospect spreads,
 Rich in woods, and rocks, and meads.

Hence, what objects meet the sight,
Gay in magic tints of light,
Glittering brooks by Leisure trac'd,
Rustic wells with flowerets grac'd ;
Woodbine-bowers, and cragged cells,
Sunless glades, where Quiet dwells ;
Where the musing Pleasures stray
Duly at the dusk of day.

See ! dun shadows steal around ;
Silence lists to every sound ;
Echoes wait on every hill
Answering to each bubbling rill.
Bee-moths at this grey, cool hour,
Pilfer every shrinking flower.

Distant woods, all dubious lie
Mingled in the misty sky.
Clos'd are lids of violets blue ;
Roses sleep in limpid dew :
And, the glow-worm thro' the night
Sheds a chilly, emerald light.

Ever thus, thro' vale and grove,
May my footsteps widely rove ;
While the swallow, child of spring,
Skims the lake, on hasty wing ;
While the woodlark's latest strains
Vibrate o'er the twilight plains.
While the moon in lucid vest
Leans on clouds her silvery breast,

And, reflect the virgin-streams

All the beauty of her beams.

EVENING solemn thought inspires ;

Checks the fever of desires ;

And, as day's rude tumults cease,

Calms the soul to serious peace.

A MOTHER

TO HER NATURAL SON, JUST BORN.

AH! weep, thou nursling on Misfortune's breast,
Unhonour'd with a father's sacred name ;
Born to reproach ;—the villain's cruel jest,
Who lur'd thy victim-mother to her shame.

Ah ! why would gentle Heaven, to tax my crime,
Give thy young eyes to catch the living light ?
And, why shouldst thou, ere dawns thy youthful prime,
Feel, like some tender flower, the savage blight ?

Condemn'd to struggle in the storm of fate,
 With poverty to toil the live-long day ;
 While thy proud sire, companion of the great,
 In banquet-pleasure revels life away.

Perish his studied eloquence, and charms,
 His love, that drew me from my blissful home,
 Ere yet, Corruption wanton'd in mine arms,
 Ere yet, abandon'd on the world to roam !

My sister now, whom treachery ne'er beguil'd,
 Shares the bright hours of fond, connubial joy ;
 How will she blame my virgin-worth defil'd !
 How frown contemptuous on my infant boy !

But cease, my pangs ;...my parents died serene :
 Age call'd on death, and Heaven was kind to grant ;
 Here, could they witness this distracting scene,
 This horrid scene of infamy and want ;—

Perhaps, a mother's pious tears would start,
 A father's pity tremble in his eyes ;
 Ah, no ! despair would agonize *her* heart !
 And terrible *his* just resentment rise !

Hence, maddening thought ! Come Care, come friendly

Woe

Benumb the feelings of my tortur'd breast ;
 Forbid affections in my child to glow,
 Unfriended let him live, and die unblest ;

Ah, no ! let duty all his thoughts control,
Let open candour every impulse speak,
Let sympathy and friendship warm his soul,
Love light his looks, and flush his ripening cheek.

Forbid, kind Heaven, this stigma of disdain ;
That, guiltless, he for my offence should groan :
Oh ! might I fondly share *his* destin'd pain,
And in *his* bosom's bliss regain *my own* !

TO

A RED-BREAST,

SEEN IN A CHURCH.

Ἐκ μὴδενός τί βλαπτῶν,
Σὺ δὲ τίμιν' ἔξοτοῖσι.

ANACREON.

SWEET visitant, who lov'st the hallow'd shrine,

Devoid of tremulous fear, who joy'st to flit

Athwart dim-colour'd lights

That Gothic windows shed ;

I bless thee, warbler, bless the care of Heaven,
That in thy tuneful breast, this instinct breath'd,

Here, shelter'd from the blast

Thou pour'st thy carols round.

Here, hid from fowler's eye, secure thou liv'st,
By tabby foes unwatch'd, or wanton death.

Meantime, thy hapless mates

Or murder'd, stain chaste snows,

Or, shivering, die amid the forest-wilds,
The swollen victims of keen wintry winds;

While sorrowing dirges, here,

Thou sing'st o'er many a grave.

Sweet care of gracious Heaven ! thy future life

Haply the bright celestial fields may glad,

There thou in evergreens,

May'st thy soft texture weave :

There fondly mark'd by purer eyes than mine,

And there, with never-dying warbles blest,

Thou may'st the shades enjoy

In unmolested bliss.

A M O T H E R

TO HER DEAD INFANT.

DEAR lovely Child ! dear object of my pain,
For thee, affection bleeds at every vein ;
First pledge of holy love, ah ! doom'd to die,
And, smile with angels in a kinder sky.

No more shall Fondness o'er thy cradle bend,
Rock thy soft slumbers, or thy wants attend.
No more, with joy-bright eyes, thy sire shall trace
His faithful features on thy cherub-face.

Ah ! fruitless now my hopes, my tender fears ;
 Fruitless my prospects for thy future years.
 Once, smiling Fancy to my mental view
 Brighten'd the scenes, that expectation drew :
 I saw thy youth in all the flush of May ;
 I saw thy manhood, ripening to the day :
 Reflection now, must sadden o'er thy tomb,
 And gather painful knowledge from thy doom.
 And long, thy fate, shall Innocence bewail ;
 Thy fate, shall Pity weep, till weeping, fail.

Now vain to me, the genial mornings shine ;
 In vain, the evenings blush with light divine.
 In vain, the purple spring unfolds her charms,
 Since death has snatch'd my infant from mine arms.

In vain, the summer blooms, the autumn glows,

Since grief to me, such pensive joy bestows.

Then, scenes of life,...ye rosy Hours, depart:...

For only sacred sorrow soothes *my* heart.

TO THE

ECHO OF A GROTTTO.

..... cui liquidam pater
Vocem dedit. *Horace.*

Coy Spirit of the cave ! Sweet Echo, hail !

Responsive to the softly sighing breeze,

As on thy gentle ear

Its mournful murmurs swell.

THEE oft, perhaps, some lonely virgin haunts

To tell her cherish'd grief, her slighted vows ;

Or, chaunt her vesper-hymn

Along these twilight groves.

Sequester'd LEISURE, fondly here retreats
 From toiling Care, and Folly's idling train ;
 Retreats with chasten'd TASTE,
 And lovely SCIENCE join'd :

Here sits, and muses, while young Morning dawns
 With faintly gleaming lustre ; and the skies
 With mild and genial breath,
 Diffuse refreshment round ;

While woods hoarse-rustle to the sighing gales ;
 And, warbling in the dewy shades, the birds
 With prompted joy, salute
 The kindling Day's return.

Lingering, he loves to catch thy accents clear

As Eve looks pensive thro' the fading clouds

Or, o'er the glimmering scene

Her dusky shadow draws.

Then, distant bleatings from the fragrant fold,

Or, sacred chimes from tree-embosom'd tower,

His soften'd soul inspire

With saintly, calm delight.

TO

A S W A L L O W.

Μη με φύγης

.....

Σὺ γὰρ εἶ φίλος γεωργῶν.

ANACREON.

TWITTERING tenant of the sky,

Whither, whither wilt thou fly?

Summer blithly frolics round;

Florid beauties grace the ground:

Rosy odours, youthful gales

Still breathe from bow'rs, and verdurous vales.

Whither, fluttering, wilt thou fly,

Swiftest courser of the sky?

Still in brook, or fountain-spring,

Dip thy never-weary wing;

Sweep along the level mead,
Where fragrant herds securely feed.

Happy vagrant, ever free,
All my fancies follow thee ;
Mount with thee, the blue serene,
Visit every foreign scene!...
And, while seasons vary here,
With thee, share summer all the year.

Whither, whither wilt thou fly,
Swiftest courser of the sky ?
Stay, O stay, till autumn's hand
Purple o'er my native land ;
Mildness, health, and beauty, rove,
And fellow warblers charm the grove.

TO

M E D I T A T I O N.

WRITTEN NEAR A GOTHIC CHURCH.

O THOU, Companion of the Blest,
With steadfast mein, and sainted breast;
Who stalk'st, at eve, thro' dusky glades,
To muse amid the sullen shades :
O guide my feet to twilight bowers,
To solenin groves, or hallow'd towers,
To graves, where kindred statues rise,
And hold in trance my raptur'd eyes.

Hence *Noise* ;...ye worldly-throbbings, cease,
Nor dare profane this cloister'd *Peace*.

Here, when pale moon-beams tinge the glooms
'That glimmer o'er the mouldering tombs,
Here come, thou Sage, devoutly dear,
For Silence keeps her sabbath here :
Save, when to rouse the dead repose,
Aloft, the anthem'd organ blows.

Divine Companion ! thy control
With holy musing rapt's my soul,
When all thy heavenly visions rise,
And hold in trance my raptur'd eyes.

A
TRANSLATION

FROM THE

ITALIAN.

I attempted a translation in rhyme of this tender effusion of Metastasio; but found, that it lost too much of its simplicity: I have now rendered it in a measure more resembling the original.

LA TEMPESTA.

DEL METASTASIO.

No, non turbati, o NICE; io non ritorno

A parlati d'amor. So chè ti spiace;

Basta così. Vedi, che il ciel minaccia.

Improvvisa tempesta: alle capanne

Se vuoi ridurre il gregge, io vengo solo

Ad offerir l'opra mia. Che!...non paventi?

THE TEMPEST.

FROM METASTASIO.

NAY, tremble not, nor fear this fond return ;

I dare not speak of love....To you, alas !

I know, 'tis painful now.—Enough. But lo !

All Heaven in darkness, threatens a sudden storm ;

Collect your wandering flocks, my willing hand

Shall lead them to the fold. What !...fear you not ?

Osserva, che a momenti

Tutto s'oscura il ciel, che il vento in giro

La polve innalza, e le cadute foglie.

Al fremer della selva, al volo incerto

Degli augelli smarriti, a queste rare,

Che ci cadon sul volto, umide stille,

NICE, io preveggo... Ah! non tel dissi, o NICE?

Ecco il lampo, ecco il tuona. Or che farai?

Vieni, senti; ove vai? Non è più tempo

Di pensare alla greggia. In questo speco

Riparati frattanto; io sarò teco.

Ma tu tremi, o mio tesoro!

Ma tu palpiti, cor mio!

Non temer; con te son io,

Nè d'amor ti parlerò.

Observe the blackening sky,
 See ! how the winds in madding whirls, arise,
 Scatter the dust, and high the leaves uprear,
 That darkly withering, strew'd the rustling ground.
 Judge by the sullen roaring of the woods ;
 The wild, disorder'd flutter of the birds ;
 And by the tears, that trickle down our cheeks.
 Too well presag'd...dear NICÈ, look ! alas
 The lightning darts, and deep the thunder rolls !
 But haste ;—to seek your fleecy charge, forbear ;
 Haste,—reach the shelter of yon friendly cave,
 Myself will watch you, as the whirlwinds rave.

But `still, my angel, still you fear,
 Still palpitates your throbbing heart :
 Nay, tremble not, for I am near,...
 Nor would a thought of love impart.

Mentre folgori, e baleni,
Sarò teco, amata NICE ;
Quando il ciel si rassereni,
Nice ingrata, io partirò.

Siedi, sicura sei. Nel sen di questa
Concava rupe in fin ad or giammai
Fulmine non percosse,
Lampo non penetrò. L'adombra intorno
Folta selva d'allori,
Che prescrive del ciel limiti all'ira.
Siedi, bell'idol mio, siedì, e respira.

Ma tu pure al mio fianco
Timorosa ti stringi, e, come io voglia
Fuggir da te, per trattenermi annodi
Fra le tue la mia man? Rovini il cielo,

I mock those flashes, whilst with you,
 Exult amid the thunder's roar ;
 And, when subsides the storm, adieu,
 Ungrateful maid, to meet no more !

Here sit, here rest secure : this cavern deep
 The lightning never pierc'd :
 Around, thick groves of pendent umbrage, swell,
 And numerous laurels stretch
 Their branching shades to bound the darting fire !
 Sit, my fair seraph, calmly here respire.

Close-creeping to my side,
 Alarm'd and trembling, to arrest my flight
 You grasp my hand ; forbear, forbear to doubt ;
 Tho' Heaven be hurl'd in dreadful ruin down,

Non dubitar, non partirò. Bramai

Sempre un sì dolce istante. Ah ! così fosse

Frutto dell'amor tuo, non del timore.

Ah ! lascia, o NicÈ, ah ! lascia

Lusingarmene almen. Chi sa ? Mi amasti

Sempre forse fin or. Fu il tuo rigore

Modestia, e non disprezzo ; e forse questo

Eccessivo spavento

E'pretesto all'amor. Parla,...che dici ?

M'appongo al ver ? Tu non rispondi ? Abbassi

Vergognosa lo sguardo ?

Arrossisci ? Sorridi ? Intendo, intendo.

Non parlar, mia speranza ;

Quel riso, quel rossor dice abbastanza.

I would not move. For this delicious hour
 Oft have I long'd, in vain. Ah ! sacred bliss,
 Were but your tremors those, of tender love.
 Ah ! Nicè, let me nurse
 This sweet, this dear delusion. What ! who knows ?
 But you have ever lov'd : your scornful frowns
 Reluctantly, perhaps, from coyness rose,
 And, not from cold disdain : and haply, love
 Now feigns excessive fear.
 What say you ? Answer...ah ! you pause perplex'd !
 You turn away your tell-tale eyes, abash'd ;
 You blush, you sweetly smile !
 Enough ! enough ! what modesty conceals,
 That angel-look, that virgin-blush, reveals.

E pur fra le tempeste,

La calma ritrovai ;

Ah ! non ritorni mai,

Mai più sereno il dì !

Questo de'giorni miei,

Questo è il più chiaro giorno ;

Viver così vorrei,

Vorrei morir così.

Here, whilst the tempest rules the night,

And howls along the waste,

Serenest calm I taste,

Nor wish the blithe return of light !

Tho' darkness wraps the sky,

To *me*, this shines the brightest day ;

Oh ! may my life thus glide away,

Thus happy, may I die.

TO

A CRICKET.

THRICE welcome, little, sportive guest
Loud-chirping in thy warm retreat;
The dusk now dims the faded west,
And torrents swell, and tempests beat.

Here, Peace without a murmur, reigns,
And, none shall mar thy harmless mirth :
The redbreast here shall join his strains,
And peck his morsel from the hearth.

While stiffening to the wint'ry breeze
Some insects stretch their dying forms,...
Thou liv'st in sure, domestic ease,
Unconscious of the tyrannous storms.

Then, chirrup grateful for my care,
In transport strike thy vocal wings;
Plain, simple comforts shalt thou share,
And honied sweets without their stings.

A D S P E M.



O LUX pectoris! O et Juvenum comes!

Quæ dulci miseros fallis imagine,

Quæ tormenta laborum

Lenis:—Te, grave tædium,

Te curæ fugiunt, ros veluti brevis

Solem, qui tepidè purpurat æthera,

Terras et rubicundâ

Vestit luce. Deam invocat

Te, Mercator ad Indos avidè ruens,

Et te, præsidium suppliciter rogat.

Famâ et captus honore

Te, Miles sequitur furens

Ad bellum, nihil horretque periculi.

Te robustus Agrestis colit in solo

Dum spargit rude semen,

Et venti viduant comis

Sylvas, atque laborat Boreâ nemus.

Necnon te ambit Amans, languidus et tremens

Inter mille timores,

Et lentis macer ignibus.

Te prênsat memor ah ! conjugis et domûs

Exul, dumque tumet triste doloribus

Cor, crebròque profusus

Humor labitur in genas.

Adsis, suavè-favens, ô Dea ! dissipe

Mordaces nimiùm sollicitudines,

Largè gaudia præbens

Heu ! quamvis fugitiva sint !

IN ADVENTUM VERIS.

JAM gemens interstrepit aura ramos,

Et redit circumvolitans hirundo ;

Dumque flumen dulcè-loquace, ripas

Alluit undâ.

Fumat æther purpureâ salute ;

Arbores motante comâ, virescunt ;

Lenè dum tellus reparata, flores

Fundit apricos.

Nunc, meam mentem recreat sub umbrâ

VER, ut in sylvis volucres queruntur,

Ut libellis docta QUIES in antro,

Decipit horas.

AD SALUTEM.



JAM nunc, sol placido surgit ab æquore
 Ridens, ambrosium et temperat æthera :

Almâ luce coruscit

Cœlum, et splendida floribus

Naturæ facies vernat ;...et acriùs

ME febris cruciat, membraque pascitur.

Adsis, suavitèr adsis

O divina SALUS, tuâ

Fragranti minues, o utinam, manu

Fervorem capitis ; me gelidum ad nemus,

Me fontes ad amœnos,

Aut, fœcunda rosaria

Conducas, ubi blandè zephyrus gemit.

SPES tecum properet, dulceque GAUDIUM,

Tecum, læta VOLUPTAS

Totam concelebret diem.

95

TRANSLATIONS

FROM THE

ITALIAN and SPANISH.

SONETTO.

SUPERBETTA Pastorella,

Cui non cale del mio pianto,

Ma ti ridi ingrata, e fella

Del mio duolo aspro cotanto :

A me forse un giorno quella

Non sarai già amabil tanto,

E vorrai parermi bella,

Nè di bella avrai più il vanto.

Ed io allor, ch'avrò dal core

Di già tratta la saetta

S O N N E T.

DEAR, little boaster, proud and vain,
So cold to Love's delicious glow;
Ungrateful, to deride my pain,
And, mock these tears, that burning, flow:
But Time shall come, with stealthful pace,
Thy seraph-beauty to disarm,
To snatch that sweetness from thy face,
When thou shalt strive, in vain, to charm.
But know, when from this wounded side
The festering arrow shall be torn;

Riderò del tuo dolore :

E così farò vendetta

Col rigor del tuo rigore

Pastorella superbetta.

ABATE CARLO SEVEROLI FAENTINO.

Just vengeance shall repay thy pride,
Thy torturing anguish wake my scorn :
Then, shalt thou feel my harsh disdain,
Thou little boaster, proud, and vain.

S O N E T T O

DEL ZAPPI.

QUAND'IO men vò 'verso l'Ascrea montagna
Mi si accoppia la GLORIA al destro fianco ;
Ella dà spirti al cor, forza al piè stanco,
E dice, “ *andiam, ch'io ti sarò compagna.* ”
Ma per la lunga inospita campagna
Mi si aggiunge l'INVIDIA al lato manco
E dice ; “ *anch'io son teco :* ” al labro bianco
Veggio il velen, che nel suo cor si stagna.
Che far degg'io ? se indietro io volgo i passi,
So che l'INVIDIA mi lassa, e m'abbandona,

S O N N E T

FROM ZAPPI.



W H E N E' E R I climb th' Ascrean mountain grey,
Close at my right, fair GLORY runs to greet ;
She cheers my heart, and aids my lagging feet :
“ Still follow me, companion of thy way,”
She cries :—but as, thro' savage wilds, I stray,
Pale at my left, vex'd ENVY's form, I meet ;
“ On thee I wait,” she says ; her lips replete
With poisons foul, that on her entrails prey.
What can I do ?... If back my footsteps turn,
ENVY, that moment flies, nor heeds renown,

Ma poi fia, che la GLORIA ancor mi lassi.

Con ambe andar risolvo alla suprema

Cima del monte. Una mi dia corona

E l'altra il vegga, e si contorca, e frema.

But then, bright CLORY leaves my soul to mourn.
With both resolv'd, the mountain's brow to gain
I go: THIS shall bestow the precious crown,
And, THAT behold it, frown, and fret in vain.

O D A

DE LA FELICIDAD DE LA VIDA DEL CAMPO.

QUAN bienaventurado

Aquel puede llararse,

Que con la dulce soledad se abraza,

Y vive descuidado !

Y lejos de empacharse

En lo que al alma impide y embaraza,

No ve llena la plaza.

Ni la soberbia puerta

De los grandes señores,

Ni los adúladores,

A quien la hambre del favor despierta :

O D E

ON THE HAPPINESS OF A COUNTRY-LIFE.

THIRICE happy he, by Heaven inspir'd,

Who lives in solitude, retir'd:

Remote from folly, free from cares,

His soul unvex'd with human snares.

He sees no madly-pressing crowd;

No lordly domes supremely proud,

Where flattering foes beset the door

Athirst for favour, meanly poor.

No le será forzosa
 Rogar, fingir, temer, y estar quejoso.
 A la sombra holgando
 De un alto pino, ó robre,
 O de alguna robusta y verde encina,
 El ganado contando
 De su manada pobre,
 Que por la verde selva se avecina;
 Plata cendrada y fina,
 Oro luciente y puro
 Bajo y vil le parece;
 Y tanto lo aborrece,
 Que aun no piensa que dello está seguro:
 Y como está en su seso,
 Rehuye la cerviz del grave peso.
 Convida á un dulce sueño,
 Aquel manso ruido
 Del viento, que en las hojas susurra:

Whilst he withdraws unskill'd to feign,

To fawn, to tremble, or complain.

There, idly-tranquil in the shade,

By pine or oaks umbrageous made ;

He counts his flock, in peace serene,

That bound across the wooded green.

His mind, by temperate joys controll'd,

Abhors the blaze of cumberous gold.

Him, fountain-murmurs lull to rest,

While sweetest day-dreams fill his breast ;

Y las aves sin dueño
Con canto no aprendido
Hinchen el ayre de dulce harmonía,
Háceles compañía,
A la sombra volando,
Y entre varios olores,
Gustando tiernas flores
La solícita abeja susurrando :
Les arboles, el viento,
Al sueño ayudan con su movimiento.

GARCILAGO DE LA VEGA.

While feathery minstrels freely fly,
Or sweetly warbling, charm the sky :
While neighb'ring bees in od'rous bowers
Drink nectar from the tender flowers.
The rustling grove,...the gusty wind,...
All, all conspire to sooth his mind.

TO

H O R R O R.

Horror, Tyrant of the throbbing breast *Gray.*

DREAD power ! in realms of darkness nurst
'Midst shrieks of guilt, and groans accurst,
Where grins Despair in ghastly pain,
And rapturous Madness clanks his chain,...
THEE, I invoke !...Gay bowers, adieu !
Where Pleasure leads her bounding crew,
Blithe Health, and frolic Youth that roves
Thro' gardens and ambrosial groves,

Brisk Mirth, whose bright-expanding bloom
Ne'er felt the damp of Sorrow's gloom,
Adieu! the surly evening sheds
Deep shadows o'er the mountain-heads :
Low groan the refted woodlands bleak,
The spirits of the cataracts shriek !.....
HORROR! with strange, delightful fear
Lead my fit soul to deserts drear ;
To church-yards, where hyenas roam,
And tear the body from the tomb ;
To vast savannas full of dread,
Where human footsteps never tread ;
Or, where vex'd Midnight never sleeps
Mid torrents hoarse and howling steeps !

Or, where the hoary ANDES shroud
 Their stormy cliffs in many a cloud,
 Which Danger, heedless of alarms,
 Upelimbs with lightning-blasted arms !

To damp dark dungeons let me stray
 Where the lone captive pines away ;
 Where no warm sun, no summer gale
 Sheds freshness on his visage pale :
 There see him raise his wither'd head,
 Deep groaning o'er his flinty bed,
 Whilst ever-hopeless Silence lowers,
 And, slow, slow lag the gloomy hours.

Stern, awful HORROR ! thou canst tell
 What pangs the mother's bosom swell,

When bare on distant rocks outcast
Her child's corse blisters to the blast,
Alone, unnotic'd ;—while the surge
Hoarse-heaving, moans the mournful dirge !

In sullen silence thou hast sought
Black groves, with dark collected thought,
Where erst the Druids met thy view,
And human victims grimly slew !
Thou heard'st their death-denouncing cries,
They bled beneath thy savage eyes.

Oh ! lay me oft at gloom of night
Where hags perform their direful rite ;
And, wrapt in terrors, flash on high
Their livid lightning thwart the sky ;

Or, on some victim's hated form

Dart the full fury of their storm !

... For lightnings shoot, and thunders roll,

Dear, and congenial to my soul.

AN INSCRIPTION
FOR
OKEHAMPTON CASTLE,
DEVON.

PAUSE, STRANGER, here ! and if ENTHUSIAST thou,
Ascend this path, and drink the mid-way air.
Mild Coolness rises from yon crisped stream
Kiss'd by soft gales ; whilst over head, the sky
With azure freckled, breathes of balm. Here view
As rapture swells thy heart, the castled steep,
And prostrate fragments mouldering on the ground ;
Then, as thou wind'st within the arch-ways rude

Behold the self-sown foliage clustering down
In wild profusion ; let thy Fancy paint
The dark, unutterable deeds of yore !
Here shatter'd Grandeur checks th' ambitious soul,
And tells the brevity of human pride.
Here learn thy sad, inevitable fate,
If, STRANGER, still thy haughty heart contemn
Plain Competence, and calm, securest Peace.

AN INSCRIPTION
 FOR
 LIDFORD BRIDGE,
 DEVON.

IN silent caution cross this perilous bridge
 Where hoarsely-gushing thro' the black abyss
 Flashes the LID along : here, dark Despair
 Full many a victim headlong from the ridge
 Has flung ; whose dirge, e'en now, the widow'd dove
 Mournfully sings. Fresh pendulous verdure streams
 Adown the rocky fissure : STRANGER, here
 Awhile contemplate, if thy breast be pure

From life's base discords, or long-buried guilt :
The GENIUS of the scene will prompt thy joy ;
Nor wake the frenzy of Despair IN THEE,...
For guardian spirits watch the VIRTUOUS MAN !

NOTES
AND
ILLUSTRATIONS.

NOTES, &c.



BICKLEIGH VALE.



PAGE 10. LINE 123.

*The woods and distant hills, that change their shapes,
As smile new tints, or vagrant mists involve.*

MR. GILPIN has also observed this pleasing effect on distant objects. He says, "It is very amusing in mountainous countries, to observe the appearance, which the same mountain makes under different circumstances. When it is invested with light mists, or even when it is not illumined, we see its whole summit, perhaps, under

one grey tint. But, as it receives the sun, especially an evening sun, we see a variety of fractures and chasms gradually opening, of which we discovered not the least appearance before."

Essays on Picturesque Beauty, p. 136.

PAGE 11. LINE 141.

Far to the genial west, what mountains rise.

It is noticed, that some of the greatest eminences extend generally east and west. "To go no further, says Dr. Nichols, than our own country, all our great ridges of hills in England run east and west; so do the Alps in Italy, and in some measure the Pyrenees; so do the mountains of the Moon in Afric, and so do mount Taurus and Caucasus. This is a wise contrivance to prevent the vapours, which would all run northwards, and leave no rains in the Mediterranean countries."

Confer. with a Theist. part 2. p. 191.

PAGE 31. LINE 437.

In wild luxuriance stately fox-gloves rise.

Digitalis purpurea. LINN. Sp. Pl. 866. *Purple fox-glove.*

This elegant and stately flower is uncommonly abundant in Bickleigh Vale. It grows to a very great height. This plant has medicinal properties; it allays irritability, and is found useful in consumptions. It is called by the Italians *Aralda*; and they have a proverb concerning it: *Aralda tutte piaghe salda*, A fox-glove cures all sores.

PAGE 31. LINE 438.

*The glossy arum folds its ample leaf,
Cradling its scarlet fruit till autumn flings
His brilliant colours on the woodlands deep.*

Arum maculatum LINN. Sp. Pl. 1370. *Cuckow-pint.*

Early in the spring this flower shows its glossy green leaves; afterwards it blows; and in autumn when both

leaves and flowers disappear, there remains only a stalk with a club of scarlet berries.

Mr. White says " I had remarked, for years that the root of the cuckow-pint (*arum*) was frequently scratched out of the dry banks of hedges, and eaten in severe snowy weather: after observing, with some exactness, myself, and getting others to do the same, we found it was the thrush kind that searched it out. The root of the *arum* is remarkably warm and pungent."

Natural History of Selborne, vol. 1. p. 74.

PAGE 31. LINE 444.

..... *Stellaria bright*

Its starry lustre sheds.

Stellaria holostea. LINN. Sp. Pl. 603. *Greater Stitchwort*.

This flower by its white starry blossoms is very conspicuous in spring, among old hedge-rows, and entangled dingles.

PAGE 31. LINE 445.

..... in azure hue

The gay veronica unveils its charms.

Veronica Chamædrys. 'LINN. Sp. Pl. 17. *Germander*
Speedwell.

In May and June, this little elegant wild-flower graces every verdant bank, and dry woody hedge. When the weather is mild and clear, it expands its blue corolla in all its brilliancy and beauty ; but closes it at night, and also during rain. Though its flower soon dies, yet there is a constant succession.

PAGE 32. LINE 461.

Here from these shades illustrious SLANNING rose.

Sir Nicholas Slanning Knight, was Governor of Pendennis Castle in Cornwall ; and was the son of Nicholas Slanning, Esq. of Bickleigh.

“ He spent some time, says Prince, in the University of Oxford, and became a knowing Philosopher: He was well skilled in that pleasant and useful kind of Philosophy, call'd Mechanical or Experimental. After this, being Heroically disposed, he went into the Low-Countries, at that time the great Academy of Arms, as the other was of Arts: Here he continued a considerable time, until he was become Master of the Art of War; so that being of a sober and virtuous inclination, he minded his business, and became an excellent soldier; whereby he was able to attend as well the Crucible as the Gun, and knew how to improve his Time to advantage in his Study, and in the Field also.”

“ Thus excellently accomplished, he returned into England, and taking the Court in his way home, he receiv'd the Honour of Knighthood from the gracious hand of King Charles I. for whose Cause afterwards he freely sacrific'd his dearest blood.”

“ In the Year of our Lord 1643, the Loyal Gentry of these Western Parts enter'd into an Association, to serve

and assist his Majesty King Charles I. against his violent and unnatural Enemies his own Subjects, then in Arms against him : They met first in a great Body near *Pendennis* in *Cornwall*, where *Sir Nicholas Slanning* joined them with the Forces under his command, and were led by the famous *Sir Bevil Grenville* ; passing through *Devon* (when many eminent Persons engaged with them) they marched into *Somersetshire*. *Sir William Waller*, the *Parliament's* General, met them at *Lansdown*, a little beyond *Bath*, where intending to break this *Western* Association, he was beaten out of his Lines, and forced from an high hill, fortified on all sides, after four desperate Repulses by these *Western* Heroes. *Sir Nicholas Slanning* in this Action, is said to have done Wonders, in advancing from Hedge to Hedge, at the head of his Men, in the Mouth of Musquets, and Cannons ; in-somuch they thought him immortal, as indeed he was at that day, being *July* the 5th, 1643. The *Royalists* having thus gained and kept the Field, (though it had

cost them very dear, the Lives of many gallant Men) soon after march'd on towards *Bristol*, and sat down before that City, then garrison'd by *Colonel Fiennes* for the Parliament. *Prince Rupert* the General for the *King* fell to work, and so well succeeded, that after three day's Seige he had that important place surrendered into his hands. *Sir Nicholas Slanning* was engaged in this action also, whose Courage and Resolution carrying him on a little too far, as he made a brave Assault upon the Town, on the 26th of the same Month of *July*, he was unfortunately slain, to the great Grief of all the Army."

"He was one of these noble Gentlemen, which were called the four Wheels of Charles's Wain, and all slain at, or near the same place, the same time, and in the same Cause: according to an Ode made on that sad Occasion, at that time, in which they are mentioned thus."

..... "Th' four Wheels of Charles's Wain,
Grenvile, Godolphin, Trevanion, Slanning, slain."

There is a Monument erected to the Memory of his father in Bickleigh Church. He was slain in a duel by Sir John Fitz, near Tavistock, who after he had killed his Antagonist, desperately fell on his own sword and slew himself.

These verses are found on the Altar-tomb where Slanning and his Lady lie in effigy.

Idem Cædis erat nostræ simul Author et Ultor :

Tru- Homicidia mei, mox Homicidia sui.

Quem ; in me primum, mox in se condidit enses :

O ! nostrum summi Judicis arbitrium.

PAGE 33. LINE 466.

*But hence, the CAD o'er crags white-flashing roars
To meet the PLYM.*

The Cad is a rocky river rushing down under a craggy eminence, which is called by the natives *Dewerstone*, or *Dewerson*: the river Plym unites with it at the romantic bridge of *Shaugh*, and thence roars down the vale in a succession of fine falls.

“BAXTER † derives *Plym* from *Pilim*, which in the Erse, or old Scotobrigantine Irish, he says, still signifies *toltere*, to roll; and thinks the *Pilais* of the anonymous *Ravennus* should be written *Pilmis ist*, i. e. *convolvens aqua*, the rolling water; denoting the impetuosity of its current.”

Chapple's Review of Risdon's Devon.

† Baxt. Gl. p. 196.

ON

A FRIEND'S RETREAT.

PAGE 44. LINE 35.

For peace, VESPASIAN lov'd his simple seat, &c.

ALMOST every man of genius, and reputation had his country residence, where you would be “surpris de voir, avec une apparence de simplicité rustique tout ce qui peut charmer les yeux †.” To mention only a few, Atticus, Cicero, Lucullus; Pliny the younger had his Tuscan villa; Antony passed his hours of adversity in his Timonium; Vespasian's summer-villa was situated near Reate, his birth-place; and, Scipio Africanus, the conqueror of Annibal, died at his retreat.

† Telemaque.

“SIMILIS, a captain of great reputation under Trajan and Adrian, having obtained leave to retire, passed seven years in his retreat, and then dying, ordered this inscription to be put on his tomb; ‘that he had been many years on earth †, but that he *had lived only seven.*’ If you are wise, your leisure will be worthily employed, and your retreat will add new lustre to your character. Imitate Thucydides in Thracia, or Zenophon in his little farm at Scillus. Endeavour to copy after the example of Scipio at Linternum. Be able to say to yourself,

Innocuas amo delicias, doctamque quietem.

Rural amusements and philosophical meditations, will make your hours glide smoothly on; and if the indulgence of Heaven has given you a friend like Lelius, nothing is wanting to make you completely happy:”

Bolingbroke's Letters, vol. 2. page 261.

† Xipphil.

*From human toil retir'd, St. BRUNO trac'd
Creation's GOD amid the mountain-waste.*

Alluding to the famous monastery which he founded, called the Grande Chartreuse.

GRAY, in his letters says, “ We arrived at a little village among the mountains of Savoy, called Echelles; from thence we proceeded on horses, who are used to the way, to the mountain of the Chartreuse: It is six miles to the top; the road runs winding up it, commonly not six feet broad; on one hand is the rock, with woods of pine-trees hanging over head; on the other, a monstrous precipice, almost perpendicular, at the bottom of which rolls a torrent, that sometimes tumbling among the fragments of stone that have fallen from on high, and sometimes precipitating itself down vast descents with a noise like thunder, which is still made greater by the echo from the mountains on each side, concurs to form one of the most solemn, the most romantic, and the most

astonishing scenes I ever beheld : Add to this the strange views made by the crags and cliffs on the other hand ; the cascades that in many places throw themselves from the very summit down into the vale, and the river below ; and many other particulars impossible to describe : you will conclude we had no occasion to repent our pains. This place St. Bruno choose to retire to, and upon its very top founded the aforesaid convent, which is the superior of the whole order."

Letter viii. Sec. 2.

MASON † says that his friend " went out of his way to make a second visit to the Grande Chartreuse, and there wrote in the Album of the Fathers that fine Alcaic Ode," beginning

Oh Tu, severi Religio, loci, &c.

† See Mason's Gray, vol. 2, page 160.

THE
RURAL EVENING.

PAGE 54.

*Bee-moths at this grey, cool hour,
Pilfer every shrinking flower.*

Sphinx stellatarum. The Bee-moth.

ABOUT dusk, this insect begins its flight ; and inserts its long proboscis into the nectar of flowers. It feeds on the wing, and is never seen to settle on plants.

PAGE 55.

*And, the glow-worm thro' the night
Sheds a chilly emerald light.*

Lampyrus noctiluca. LINN. The Glow-worm.

This little insect has been said to extinguish its light about midnight.

The female is without wings, and becomes more luminous as she moves.

“ The light of the female glow-worm (as she often crawls up the stalk of a grass to make herself more conspicuous) is a signal to the male, which is a slender dusky *scarabæus*.”

White's Nat. Hist. of Selborne.

The male, however, has four luminous points ; two of which are upon each of the two last rings of the abdomen.

The glow-worm is frequently seen about evening, in green lanes and dark hedges, in June ; but it appears a perfect insect about autumn, and loves to frequent the plantations of juniper trees.

OKEHAMPTON CASTLE.

OKEHAMPTON CASTLE was formerly in the possession of Baldwin de Brioni, who was made Baron of Okehampton by William the Conqueror. It is at present in a ruinous condition. It has the character of the truly *picturesque*. It overlooks a fine valley through which flows the river *Ock*.

Okehampton presents very romantic scenery. “*Ock*,” says Chapple, “may possibly be from *Osc*, water; the *s* being lost in a rapid pronunciation; but more probably from *Arch*, signifying vigour, liveliness, vehemency; which is very applicable to the river *Ock*, which gives name to Okehampton.”

LIDFORD BRIDGE.

AT a little distance from Lidford Village, is a deep fissure of a rugged hill, each side of it so woody, that the river *Lid* below, is scarcely discernible. Over this terrific chasm, a small single stone-arch is thrown; the depth from the walls of this bridge to the bottom of the water is about sixty feet. Camden has thus very accurately described it. “*Lid ille fluuiolus hic ad pontem rupibus coarctatus se præcipitem in tantam profunditatem indies excavando agit, ut aqua non videatur, tantum murmur inaudiatur, non sine prætereuntium admiratione.*”

“ *Lid* or *Lyd*, perhaps is derived from *Clyd*, a river or brook †: or from *Llid*, fury; or *Lhuyd*, turbidus; or from the Saxon *hlýðan*, tumultuous or noisy.”

See Chapple's Review of Risdon's *Deven*,

† *Exam.* p. 265.

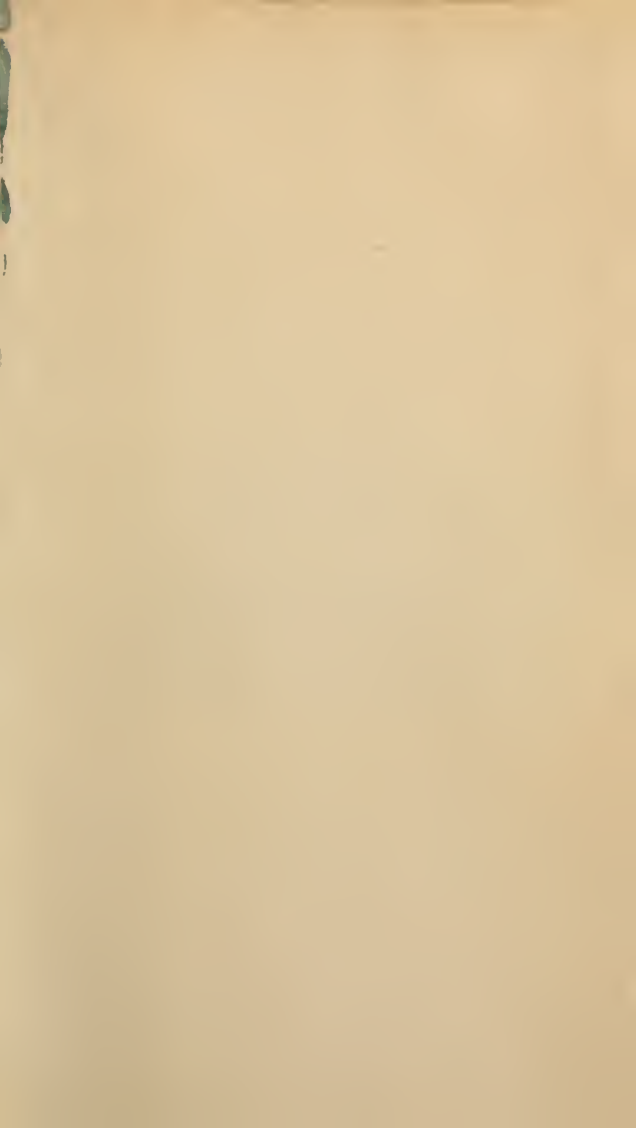
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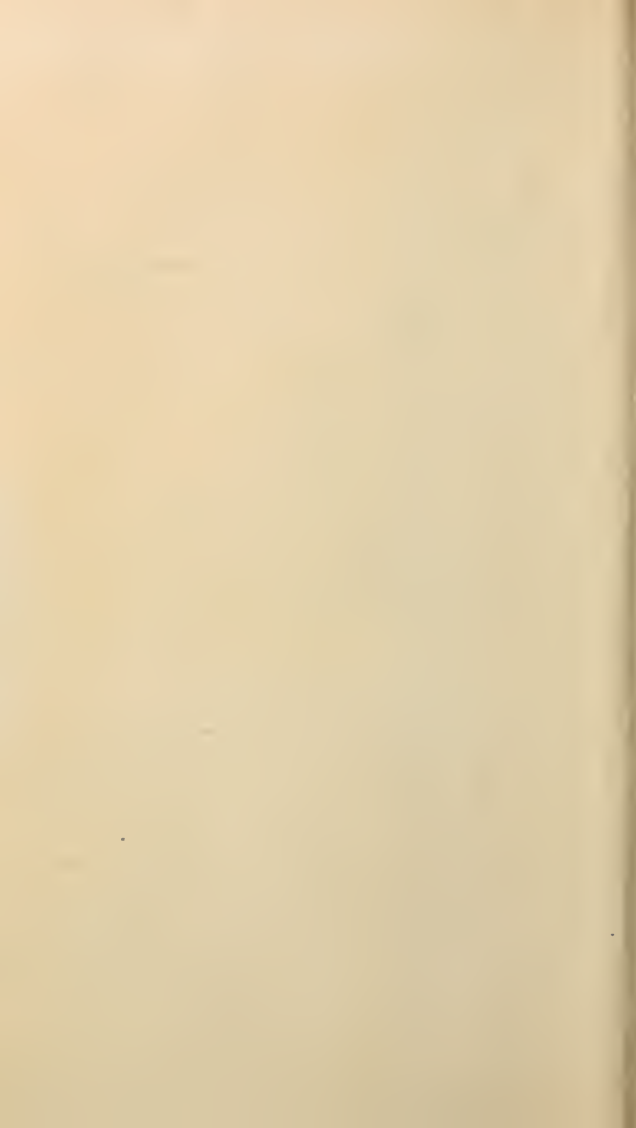
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